

NEWS OF THE WEEK

Vice President Hancock passed through Columbus, Ohio, on the 3d, and was interviewed. He presumed that Congress would engage in a revision of the tariff during the coming session, and thought that the President would reorganize the Civil Service Commission by the appointment of men who, while pledged to the principles of civil service, will have a business-like conception of the duties of their positions and make their rulings more in harmony with the spirit that dominates political parties than the old Board did.

A water tank at Granville, New York, burst on the 5th, demolishing the Sentinel office and a furniture store, damaging the National bank and flooding a millinery store and the streets. The loss is estimated at \$20,000.

The first snow fall of the season in the Northwest occurred at East Tawas, Alpena and Cheboygan, Michigan, on the 4th. At the latter place a fierce storm raged, with the temperature below freezing. There was a light frost at Montgomery, Alabama, on Sunday night.

The annual general assembly of the Knights of Labor opened on the 8th in Hamilton, Ontario. More than 200 delegates were present, and Grand Master Powderly, of Scranton, Pa., presided.

The Albany post-offices not having received official notice that there is to be no special delivery on Sundays, the carriers delivered letters bearing no special stamp up to midnight.

Generals Sheridan, Schofield, Pope and Howard have asked that their present personal aides be made exceptions to the recently issued order sending back to their regiments all officers who have been absent therefrom on detached or staff duty four years or more. Secretary Endicott has decided that no exceptions shall be made to the operations of the order. "The order was issued after long and careful personal consideration by the Secretary, who fully knew the effect it would have. He had become convinced that under the prevailing system detached officers lost interest in their regiments, and that its longer continuance would be demoralizing to the service."

Davis Island dam, five miles below Pittsburg, which has been several years in construction at a cost to the Government of \$3,000,000, was formally opened on the 7th. The opening was celebrated by the Councils and Exchange of Pittsburg and Allegheny, and the members of the Ohio River Commission.

The President on the 7th, appointed Rev. Dr. Jabez L. M. Curry, of Virginia, to be Minister to Spain. Mr. Curry is a prominent Baptist Minister. He was formerly a member of the Alabama Legislature, and a Representative in Congress from that State; was President of Howard College, in Alabama, and, later on, Professor in the College of Richmond. He is now President of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Southern Baptist Convention, and General Agent of the Peabody Trust Fund. He is about 60 years of age. Colonel A. Zollinger was on the 7th appointed Pension Agent for Indiana. He was a soldier of the Union.

Governor Tittle, of Arizona, on the 7th mailed his resignation to the President.

The commissions of Presidential postmasters will expire during the present month in the following towns: In New Jersey—Madison, Newton, Perth, Amboy, South Amboy, Toms River. In Maryland—Centreville, Port Deposit. In Pennsylvania—Downingtown, McKeepert, Pittston, Muncy.

The Democratic State Convention of Massachusetts met in Worcester. John F. Fitzgerald was chosen permanent chairman. A national bankrupt law is demanded. The platform concludes with an expression of sorrow for the death of General Grant, and recognition of the claims of the men who fought for the preservation of the Union. The following tickets were nominated: For Governor, Frederick O. Prince, of Boston; Lieutenant Governor, H. H. Gilmer, of Cambridge; Secretary of State, Jeremiah Crowley, of Lowell. Attorney General, Henry B. Braley, of Fall River; Treasurer and Receiver General, Henry M. Cross, of Newburyport; Auditor, James E. Delaney, of Holyoke.

By the premature discharge of a gun at the Davis' Island Dam opening, near Pittsburg, on the 7th, Sergeant John Rial, Frank Possiel and his sister Hannah were severely, if not dangerously, wounded.

The U. S. Grand Jury at Tucson, Arizona, on the 7th, indicted J. A. Zabriskie, United States District Attorney; Royal A. Johnston, United States Surveyor General; and L. Wolfy, Deputy United States Surveyor, for making political contributions in the last campaign.

The 79th annual convocation of the Grand Lodge of Freemasons of Delaware, in session at Wilmington, on the 8th elected the following officers: Grand Master, Thomas Davidson, of Wilmington; Deputy Grand Master, Lewis H. Jackson, of Milford; Senior Grand Warden, Thomas Melvin, of Wilmington; Junior Grand Warden, Samuel McDonnell, of Newark; Grand Secretary, William S. Hayes, of Wilmington; Grand Treasurer, William Palmer, of Wilmington.

The Governor General of Canada has designated November 7th as a day of thanksgiving.

W. D. Nensome was on the 8th convicted at Salt Lake City of "polygamy and unlawful cohabitation," the first double conviction under the Edmunds law. He will be sentenced on the 17th instant.

At the Cabinet meeting on the 8th, the Chinese troubles and the difficulties encountered in enforcing the Chinese Restriction act were considered; also the question of reconstructing the Civil Service Commission.

The President on the 8th appointed H. B. Plummer to be Naval Officer for Philadelphia, and Benjamin B. Tate

Collector of Customs for New London, Connecticut. Mr. Plummer, appointed Naval Officer for Philadelphia, is a resident of Frankford, a lawyer by profession, but retired from practice. He is now a member of Governor Pattison's staff.

Cardinal McCloskey rested more comfortably on the 8th, and it was thought he might survive the night, and, possibly, live for two or three days. Though too feeble to speak he retains his mental faculties.

The trustees of the Peabody Educational Fund, in session at New York, on the 8th elected the following officers: Robert Winthrop, President. Executive committee—A. H. Stewart, of Virginia; William M. Everts, of New York; Morrison R. Waite, of Washington; Thomas Manning, of Louisiana; W. J. Porter, of Tennessee. Finance Committee, William M. Everts, Hamilton Fish, M. R. Waite, Col. J. Lyman and Anthony Drexel, of Philadelphia. J. Pierpont Morgan was chosen Treasurer. Samuel A. Green, of Boston, was authorized to act as General Agent of the Board, in place of Hon. J. J. Curry, who has been appointed Minister to Spain.

Secretary Manning has written a letter to Mr. Parker, Chairman of the Democratic State Committee of New York, announcing his purpose to go to Albany next month and vote for the Democratic ticket. The Secretary adds that President Cleveland will no doubt do likewise, as he is anxious for the success of the ticket headed by Governor Hill.

The joint debate between Governor Hoadly and Judge Foraker, the Democratic and Republican candidates respectively for Governor of Ohio, drew an enormous crowd to the opera house in Toledo on the evening of the 8th. The election will take place on the 13th inst.

A Congo Burial Sacrifice.

Henry Stanley, the hero of the Congo, tells this story of the human butcheries perpetrated to appease the gods when a chief dies. The victims are slaves taken in battle or bought for the purpose of religious butchery.

The mourning relatives finally secured fourteen men from the interior, and, being notified by the villagers that the execution was about to begin, M. Van Gele and his friend proceeded with a few of their men to view the scene. They found quite a number of men gathered around. The doomed men soon were kneeling with their arms bound behind them in the neighborhood of a tall wrong tree, near the top of which the end of a rope had been lashed. A number of men laid hold of the cord and hauled upon it until the upper part of the tree was bent like a bow. One of the captives was selected, and the dangling end of the rope was fastened around his neck; the tree sprang several inches higher, drawing the man's form up, straining the neck, and almost lifting the body from the ground. The executioner then advanced with his short broad-bladed falchion, and measured his distance by stretching his weapon from the position he intended to strike across the nape of the neck. He repeated this operation twice. At the third time he struck, severing the head clean from the body. It was whipped up in the air by the spring of the released tree and sent rebounding several yards away. The remaining captives were dispatched one after another in like manner. Their heads were unflashed by boiling, that the skulls might decorate the poles around the grave. The bodies were dragged away and thrown into the Congo; the soil saturated with the blood was gathered up and buried with the defunct chief.

A Wealthy Serf.

Among the wealthiest bankers of Russia are the noble members of the House of Schalouchine. A couple of generations ago their ancestor was a serf, owned by one Count Schermeter. By dint of great industry this serf, as *Life* (London) relates, amassed an enormous fortune. All his efforts to purchase his freedom, however, were of no avail, and offers as high as \$250,000 were scornfully rejected by his master, who seemed actually to enjoy the torture he inflicted on his millionaire slave, who could neither bequeath his fortune to his children, nor otherwise benefit them without the consent of his lord. It happened one day that the Count had invited several friends to a dinner party, and when his *maître d'hôtel* laid before him the *menu* for inspection, he was agast to find that oysters did not figure among the *hors-d'oeuvres*. In answer to his indignant remonstrances, that functionary assured him that oysters were not to be had at any price. At the height of the angry scene, which was continued even in the presence of the guests, Schalouchine was announced, and in order to vent his wrath on the unfortunate serf, the Count shouted out, "Show the slave in. What do you want, dog? If you want your freedom, I tell you I will never grant it. I care not for any offer you may make—no, not for a million rubles! A few dozen oysters at this moment would be worth more to me." "Do I understand, my lord," asked the serf, "that you would grant me my freedom if I procure them for you?" "Yes," replied the Count, "much to the amusement of his guests. As it happened, Schalouchine had brought a barrel of oysters with him as a gift to his master, knowing of the great dinner party. They were brought in; the deed of freedom was immediately signed, and the Count, addressing his former slave with the utmost courtesy, said, "Sir, may I invite you to join us?"

German geologists estimate that the Dead Sea will be a mass of solid salt a thousand years hence.

In 1802 Daniel Webster was a schoolmaster in Fryebury, Me., and was paid a salary of \$350 a year.

A distillery has lately been put in operation at Charlestown, South Carolina, for manufacturing oil from pine wood.

Sitting Bull fears that some of Custer's friends will assassinate him.

DEAD.

Awake, awake! Ere my heart break, The gloomy night is passed, The fleecy clouds, Like clinging shrouds, Float o'er the mountain fast. Arise, arise! The misty skies Cast off their garments grey; I watch alone, With heart of stone, Too dumb to weep or pray. Dear heart, dear heart— Light's glimmering dart, Leap through the murky dawn; I wait and wait— Though I be late, You know I should be gone. O lids of her, They never stir, Though bang the wind and wait; Poor empty heart, Feels not the smart— Would mine, too, were asleep! O frozen brow! I know it now— Life warms it not again; Life's love hath fled, And you are dead— Alone, I bear life's pain. Good-bye, good-bye— O must you die, And leave my home and heart? O cruel breath— O parting smile— Why do you read apart?

DOWN IN THE WELL.

"I tell ye what, Kunnel Nehemiah Barton, big man as ye think ye be, ye're might small potatoes in my opinion. With all yer riches, ye ought to be a liberal man, charitable to yer pore fellow creatures, but Lord bless me, yer heart ain't no bigger nor a cider apple, an' it's harder'n flint. Ye're selfish an' proud-spirited, Kunnel, but yer pride'll have a fall one of these days, mark my words, ef it don't, an' it'll humble ye to the dust!"

Mrs. Hannah Eldridge tossed her head with a scornful sniff as she stopped speaking and resumed her ironing. The subject of her tirade, Colonel Nehemiah Barton—he was the commander of a regiment of militia—dropped the paper he was reading with a gasp of astonishment, and stared over his spectacles at his housekeeper and maid-of-all-work in speechless audacity. Finally he found speech, enunciating his words with slow and ponderous distinctness.

"Hannah Eldridge," he said, "how dare ye, a miserable sinner, an' er no professor, set in judgment ergen me who is a deacon uv a church, and Chairman uv the Board uv Selectmen?"

"Pooh!" retorted Hannah, suspending her hot iron in mid-air, "er man that growls ez ye do whenever I happen ter give er pore beggar a piece of meat or slice of bread needn't brag 'bout his religion. Ef ye wuz twenty times er deacon in yer church, hit wouldn't make ye ez charitable toward yer unfortunit fellow-creatures ez ye orter be."

"Tramps is mostly'er lazy, shiftless set, an' sted of putten' vittals inter ther mouths we orter set 'em to work an'—"

"Ther winder Bascom wuz no tramp, but an honest, hard-workin' woman, who wuz abuv' axin' charity till sickness druv her to it," interrupted Hannah, and before the colonel could formulate a suitable reply continued: "Ye know this, an' yet ye let her go ter ther work 'us in her old age, when er little out of your plenty would ha' helped her along toward yer grave in comfort."

"But, Hanner," began the colonel, protesting.

"Don't Hanner me," was the sharp retort. "I've been here in this house goin' on seventeen years, and dooin' all that time I never knowed ye ter do er kind or generous deed."

The colonel could stand no more, and with a loud sniff of rage he sprang to his feet.

"It's no use argifyin' with er woman!" he cried savagely, and seizing his hat he jammed it down on his ears and strode from the room.

Hannah Eldridge laughed scornfully, and continued her ironing.

She had nearly finished when the kitchen door opened softly, and a girl with the irate colonel's features reproduced and softened in her round face, sparkling with life and color, stole into the room and slipping up behind the unconscious Hannah pressed her little brown hands over the woman's eyes.

"Guess?" cried the girl, and her merry laugh rippled out and filled the room. "Oh, it's you torment!" said Hannah, removing the warm hands and drawing the girl around in front of her. "Where hev ye ben?"

"Down in the orchard," but her face flushed, and she dropped her eyes. Hannah's sharp eyes detected the girl's lily-concealed embarrassment and nodded her head knowingly.

"Elsie Barton," she said, "ye needn't try ter deceive me. What wuz ye doin' in ther orchard?"

"Hunting summer harries."

cautioned Hannah. "He'd cut ye off without a penny, an' though Willie Spencer er likely enough boy, he's got nothin' tew start life with."

"We could work together and some day—"

"That'd take too long," cried Hannah, sententiously. "Your father has er plenty and by rights it'll all come ter you some day, but he's powerful stubborn when he makes up his mind tew be, and ye'd better not anger him."

"But—" began Elsie, "Leave it all ter me, pet lamb. Ef any mortal soul kin turn him from his stubborn ways I kin do it, and ye can rest easy that I'll do the best I can for ye."

"Oh, thank you, Hannah!" cried Elsie impulsively. "You are always good to me."

She threw her arms around the faithful woman's neck and kissed the thin lips.

Hannah's eyes moistened, and she passed her hand softly over the girl's brown curls.

"I couldn't love ye better, pet lamb, ef ye wuz my own," she said. "I've ben er mother tew ye, an' I'll so continuer. Marry ye tew the old squire? Not much they shant!"

She returned Elsie's kiss, and then, turning away, began preparations for dinner.

The meal was finally ready, and the table was laid. She went out on the porch and blew several loud blasts from the big tin horn which hung from the rafters.

This was a signal for Colonel Nehemiah, but fifteen minutes passed and he did not put in an appearance.

Hannah sounded a second alarm, and stood on the porch, shading her eyes with her hand and looking out toward the "far field," where the colonel was supposed to be.

She could not see him, and again she raised the horn to her lips.

"I know he's thar," she said musingly, "for I seed him goin' ther-er-way. Mebbe he's fell down in a fit."

She threw her apron over her head to shield it from the sun and passing through the truck garden at the rear of the house, bent her steps toward the "far field."

She walked through the enclosure, and finding no traces of the colonel, was about returning to the house when she heard a faint cry which seemed to come from the bowels of the earth.

She bent her head and listened. The cry was repeated.

"Help!"

"He's fell down the old well!" cried Hannah, and turning sharply to the right, she ran toward a little clump of trees in one corner of the field.

In the centre of this miniature grove was an old well which had been dug to water stock.

It was loosely covered with boards, but they were old and rotten, and when Hannah drew nearer, she saw that the covering was broken and displaced.

"Hallo, Kunnel!" she cried, bending over the well.

"Hanner!" was the colonel's faint answer.

"Throw me er rope. Git er ladder. Run for help. I'm drownin'!"

"Ain't water enuff for that, Kunnel. How did ye fall in?"

"Walkin' across—plank broke. Help me out."

"Hez it cooled ye off enuff, Kunnel?"

A MODERN CAPSULE.

An old-fashioned, unpretentious-looking house, which sets back from the sidewalk on a comparatively unfrequented portion of one of the oldest down-town streets, is occupied by a manufactory whose goods are known throughout the civilized world and have become indispensable to the medical profession. It is a medical capsulary.

For nearly fifty years it has occupied this old building and the sign that contains the firm's name is so old and weather-beaten that its paint is completely worn off, leaving only the faint outlines of the original lettering. "Yes, we make gelatine capsules here," says the proprietor to a reporter, and though you may not think it, in this old building and another that we occupy, the capacity of our factory exceeds the production of one million capsules a day.

There are only three firms in this country that give their time to exclusive manufacture of gelatine capsules. Great improvements have been made in these little but most important articles to all sick persons, and now by their use people can take the most nauseous compounds free from either taste or smell.

We make capsules of all sizes round and oblong, from the very small articles which only holds a drop of liquid to the large oblong one, the size of a dynamite cartridge almost, which can hold an ounce. This latter is only used for horses and large animals, but it is a great thing for them, as it does away with the old-fashioned method of administering medicine to animals by pouring it from a bottle and almost breaking the animal's jaw in the operation.

"When were capsules first thought of?" was asked.

"A. Mathes, of Paris, may be considered the inventor. He obtained a patent for the exclusive right of manufacturing them about seventy years ago. In 1836 the founder of this house began their manufacture in this city. Within the last twenty-five years empty capsules have been introduced and have proved most acceptable for administering powders and medicines which irritate the throat or injure the teeth. Of course the value of the ready-filled capsules depends entirely upon the honesty of the manufacturer, for the capsules being closed they cannot be as easily examined as other medicines which are open to a ready test as to purity, and impure and adulterated ingredients are as easily put into them as pure material. In this way the public has been duped by unprincipled parties and often a distrust awakened injurious to the universal use of capsules."

"Do you send your capsules out of the United States?"

"Oh, yes. We have a large trade in Mexico, Cuba, South America, and even in China and Japan. The manufacture has been so improved of late years that no influence of climate can deteriorate their quality and they hold good for any length of time, though, of course, they must be properly cared for. They are made with a hard and soft material, and come in boxes which contain from a dozen to 1,000."

Keeping the Light in Motion.

The keeper of the light at Point de Monts relates: "Just imagine that toward the close of the fall, at the first snow, my family was attacked by typhoid fever. The first stroke of the disease was to put seven of us in bed, and very soon all the others followed. I was the only one able to work. My nearest neighbor (at Egg Island) was twenty miles off, and as bad news travels without much wind, this light-house was avoided even by Indians as an infested place. One man, however, was touched by my misfortunes, and volunteered to help me. Things went better then for a while; but as we were then at the last days of navigation, fogs and snow combined against me, and obligated us to fire the cannon every half-hour, or even every quarter-hour. The vibration was terrible in the tower, seventy-five feet high, and our patients could not endure it. It was necessary to go up the five stories of the tower, transformed into an infirmary (hospital), before every shot, to notify the poor fellows, and stuff cotton into the ears of the most nervous. Days and nights thus passed, without bringing anything else than pain, anxiety and sleeplessness. Laurent and I were ready to lose our senses, doing the service of the light and the hospital like machines, when the Lord took pity on us, and in his mercy sent us some rest and joy in a general convalescence."

The light at Egg Island shows a revolving white light, visible fifteen miles, and giving a flash every minute and a half. "All sailors know how important it is that a flash light should revolve with mathematical accuracy; otherwise one light might be taken for another, and a wreck might be the fatal consequence of such an error. One night, toward the close of the autumn of 1872, a pivot broke in the clock-work regulating these revolutions. The season was too far advanced to get help from the ministry of marine at Quebec; the only thing to be done was to replace the machine by human energy, and the keeper and his family devoted themselves to the task. During five weeks of that autumn and five other weeks of the next spring man, wife, girl and boys turned the machine by hand. Cold and fatigue stiffened the hands, sleep weighed on their eyelids, but nevertheless they must turn, turn without haste and without rest, all through those long watches, in which the order was to become an automaton and keep turning the machine. Not one, from the child to the master, either complained or shirked his duty, and the light at Egg Island continued each minute and a half to flash its protecting light over the tempestuous gulf."

Conservation of the Sword.

In the simple old Saxon days the sword played a considerable part in the making of a knight. The candidate for chivalry was required the day before his consecration to confess and pass the night in the church in fasting and prayer. On the following day he was to bear mass, and during the service he placed his sword upon the altar. The priest, after the Gospel, took the weapon, blessed it, and, then, with a benediction on the warrior, laid the blade on the neck of the knight.

Character is made of little things, and it is only through watchfulness over the details of right and wrong that we can hope to build it into fair or enduring proportions.

The man who never failed is a myth. Such a one never lived and is never likely to. All success is a series of efforts in which when closely viewed, are seen more or less failures.

The man who takes his place in this world whether to preach in a tabernacle, sing in a cotillion, or build the waste places, having a clear view of his work a settled conviction of duty—who believes what he asks others to believe, and lives what he teaches—will find an open door to success.

A wealthy man displaying one day his jewels to a philosopher, the latter said: "Thank you, sir, for being willing to share such magnificent jewels with me." "Share them with you, sir? What do you mean?" "Why you allow me to look at them; and what more can you do with them yourself?"

Jay Gould is said to be determined to have the fastest yacht in the world if it takes a million.

Robert Toombs is the richest resident in Wilkes county, Ga., his estate being assessed at \$250,000.

A Georgian claims to have perfected a contrivance for running street cars by a quicksilver motor.

A boy at Grass Valley, Cal., while digging a hole, struck a valuable quartz ledge the other day.

The duration of vitality in seeds depends very much on the manner in which they are kept.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Idleness is the sepulchre of a living man.

Ignorance is the parent of many injuries.

All examples are like contagious diseases.

Charity is the scope of all God's commandments.

The last word is the most dangerous of infernal machines.

Idleness is the refuge of weak minds and the holiday of fools.

He who cannot hold his tongue is unworthy of having one.

Have a place for everything and have everything in its place.

A bad man, whatever his rank, has a blot on his escutcheon.

If every one had his own ends, all would come to a bad end.

He that swells in prosperity will be sure to shrink in adversity.

Charity is friendship in common, and friendship is charity inclosed.

Though we know not where the road winds, we know where it ends.

He who takes pleasure in evil reports will soon become an evil speaker.

Wounds of the heart are the only ones that are healed by opening.

The earnestness of life is the only passport to the satisfaction of life.

Carnal sins proceed from fullness of food and emptiness of employment.

Casual omissions and little sallies of wit should never be severely visited.

It oftentimes rains just hard enough to go to the theatre but altogether too hard to go too church.

Know thy work and do it like Hercules. One monster there is in the world—the idle man.

If you wish to be as happy as a king look at those who haven't as much as you, not at those who have more.

Large as this world is, it is nothing, after all, but a mere rostrum on which the immortal mind speaks its piece.

Our alarms are much more numerous than our dangers, and we suffer much more in apprehension than in reality.

A bitter word may make a wound that will never heal. A kind word may win a friend that will never turn.

We see how much a man has, and therefore envy him; did we see how little he enjoys, we should rather pity him.

It is not until we have passed through the furnace that we are made to know how much dross was in our composition.

It is absurd to indulge all kinds of excesses and vice, and imagine yourself cunning enough to conceal it from the world.

Many of our cares are but a morbid way of looking at our privileges. We let our blessings get mouldy and then call them curses.

If we could read the secret history of our enemies we should find in each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility.

A man has no more right to say an unkind thing than to act one; no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down.

Character can never suffer a stain without some loss. The blot may be erased, but with the erasure goes part of the original texture.

Whoever resigns himself to unhappiness flees from all contradiction and what is more opposed to his inward conviction than cheerful society.

It is much easier to find a score of men wise enough to discover the truth than to find one intrepid enough, in the face of opposition, to stand up for it.

Laughing, if loud, ends in a deep sigh, wrote Jeremy Taylor, and all pleasures have a sting in the tail, though they carry beauty on the face.

Every man has his chain and his clog, only it is looser and lighter to one man than another; and he is more at ease who takes it up than he who drags it.

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